



The Grail



In This Issue

Father Abbot's Page	<i>Ignatius Esser, O. S. B.</i>	195
Out of the Depths	<i>Eugenia T. Finn</i>	196
I Cannot Bide the Eye of the Moon (Poem)	<i>H. D., O. S. B.</i>	197
Stigmata	<i>Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.</i>	198
Nor All Your Tears	<i>Margaret Ellis</i>	199
Graven Upon the Heart (Poem)	<i>Elizabeth Voss</i>	199
Our Negro Brethren	<i>Henry Brenner, O. S. B.</i>	202
If at Death I Am But Trying (Poem) .	<i>Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.</i>	202
The Voyage of the Pax (Poem)	<i>Sr. M. Theresa, O. S. B.</i>	205
Lift Up Your Heads	<i>Editorial</i>	208
Query Corner	<i>Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.</i>	210
Broadcasts from our Indian Missions	<i>Clare Hampton</i>	211
The Home Circle	<i>Clare Hampton</i>	212
All Souls (Poem)	<i>Hilary DeJean, O. S. B.</i>	215
Echoes From Our Abbey and Seminary		214
Children's Corner	<i>Sisters of St. Benedict</i>	216

16
Volume 15, No. 7

November 1934

Academy of the Immaculate Conception

A Commissioned High School

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict

Ferdinand, Indiana



The Academy is a boarding school for girls and young ladies, commissioned by The Board of Education of the State of Indiana to confer on its graduates all the Privileges and Rights of a Commissioned High School. It is equipped with special facilities for the study of Music and Art. The location is healthful and the grounds are extensive and beautiful. The Building is well equipped for educational work.

Aims: Physical Health, Solid Knowledge, Cultivated Manners, Thorough Moral and Religious Training. For particulars:

Sister Superior

Academy of the Immaculate Conception
FERDINAND, INDIANA

W. W. KIMBALL CO.

**ORGAN ARCHITECTS
AND BUILDERS**

FOR

**CHURCHES
COLLEGES
AUDITORIUMS**

**CHICAGO
KIMBALL HALL
NEW YORK
665 FIFTH AVE.**



"Nor All Your Tears"

Margaret Ellis

IT was just one of those days. One of those wrong days that come occasionally to all of us.

The weather might have had something to do with it in the first place. When Anne woke up, it was to hear the seemingly endless rain beating down again.

It was the fourth day now that it had rained, she counted. And it meant heavy rubbers again and standing on the corner in the down-pour waiting for the bus.

Before she had finished dressing she had broken a finger nail and torn a stocking. The stocking, she discovered, was one of her last pair. So it had to be darned. And she couldn't find a needle.

After a fierce five minute search she found a rusty one, too large. But it had to do and she pricked her finger with it in her haste. It was a deep prick and it hurt, but she could have borne the pain if she hadn't gotten a spot of blood on the stocking.

She sobbed aloud and had a frenzied desire to throw the offending stocking on the floor and give up altogether. She didn't do it, of course, and somehow, without further mishap, managed to finish dressing.

Five minutes later when she entered the kitchen she had a cross frown on her face and her greeting to her father was an abrupt "Good Morning."

Anne's words for the old man were seldom very cordial these days, though, so he seemed to notice no particular lack in this. He hurriedly poured her cocoa and with equal haste, if with a degree more awkwardness, put a poached egg on a thin slice of toast and set the plate in front of her.

She began eating without further comment and the old man engaged in small tasks about the kitchen. Among them was the wiping of

the oil cloth covering of the small table.

They were thin, wavering hands, unused to their work, and their motions were far from efficient. The wet dish cloth trailed too close to the shallow toast plate and a fleck of soapy water splashed off on to the toast.

"Oh! See what you did. You've ruined it. Spoiled my breakfast. Can't you do anything right?" The girl's voice was shrill with anger. Now she could not eat the toast and it was too late for him to fix another piece.

The sight of her father's hurt and downcast face seemed only to whet the sharp edge of her temper. Meekness turns away wrath we are told, but sometimes that turning is slow. A little of primitive cruelty

remains in all of us. The sight of a cowering victim often provokes another blow. Or maybe it is secret shame over the original one which evolves into outward bravado. Our minds do strange things when they begin to work at cross purposes.

"The breakfast was bad enough without having dirty, soapy water to add to the flavor. It is very little you are asked to do around here and it is too bad that you can't even do that right." With her last words she flounced impatiently out of the kitchen.

As she closed the door smartly she became uncomfortably aware of the dejected figure standing there with the wet dish cloth still clutched in quivering, unaccustomed old hands.

Before she left the house she had an impulse to go in and throw her arms around the bent figure, but shame held her back.

The bus, after all, was long in arriving and Anne's thoughts were not pleasant as she waited.

She was trying desperately to justify her actions to herself. Hadn't she supported her

Graven Upon the Heart

ELIZABETH VOSS

*Yes graven upon the heart is He
Who loves me better than mortals can,
His hallowed Spirit entrances me—
He knew me before my life began.*

father for three years now, she reasoned, ever since he had, simultaneously, lost his money and his health?

She was answered in her mind by a pathetic picture of the broken old man's futile attempts to procure a job—any job. Seeking places far too menial for his frail strength and superior training. Employers, sensing the incongruity, had given the places to younger and apter men until defeat had etched its sad lines upon his face and glazed the old eyes with such sorrow that even more avenues were closed. A beaten man is no man for any job.

Anne with the arrogance of youth resented this abject surrender of age to the inevitable.

"Why didn't he save some money when he was making so much?" she argued with herself. The answer in her mind to that was not soothing. He had spent too much on her, she knew, and on her impractical mother who had demanded luxuries all during a long fatal illness.

Any way she reasoned it she could not still the rising remorse. He was paying the price of a too generous heart. And she was making the payment more bitter.

She was at such odds with herself that by the time she had reached the office she had worked up a strong case of self pity also. His fault anyway that she had ruined her day, however indirectly. For she felt decidedly miserable about it all now. . . . But he *had* made her do what she had done and then had made her feel like this just by. . . .

"Work out those invoices, Miss Larkin."

She was aware she did not know what invoices.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grimes. I had my mind on something else. What invoices did you mean?"

"I didn't think you were listening to me. You are in the office now, you know, Miss Larkin. It might be just as well to keep your mind on it instead of on last night's date."

The voice was not unkind, but Anne's sensitive face flushed. She prided herself on her efficiency and there was injustice in the remark.

"I did not have my mind on last night's date, Mr. Grimes. It was on something more important than that."

Her tone was a shade too resentful. And
(*Turn to page 219*)

Out of the Depths

(Continued from page 197)

"We have enough—and to spare," she said firmly, "And I would like very much to have Father Waden with us."

"And he will be most pleased to accept," and with old-world courtesy, the priest followed her into the house.

Laura busied herself with the preparations for the meal, but Edward sat gloomily in front of the cold stove. Father Waden looked at it and Edward answered the unspoken question.

"We're saving the fuel," he said gruffly. "We'll need it later on."

"And I tell him that when we need it, it will be coming," Laura sang out merrily. "Honestly, Father, I wonder why he wants to sit under an open umbrella in the house on a sunny day, just because it might rain next week."

Father Waden laughed. "Well put, my child! Of course, the Lord expects us to be careful, but even a good fire cannot warm the heart made cold by fear. It takes a different fire to do that; one that burns with the flame of faith. And I do not think that you will ever feel coldness, Laura," he added.

Laura's face was transfigured with a strange beauty. "How could I?" she questioned. "Am I not counting the days now? I would be happy beyond words if Edward could only share my joy."

"Children are not for the poor," Edward muttered stubbornly, but Father Waden silenced him with a stern frown.

More days slipped into the past—busy ones for a parish priest; but one glorious Spring morning, as he took his favorite walk along the coast line, he came upon Edward Martin clearing away driftwood and debris from the shore. Young Martin saw him, but turned to speak to one of the other members of the working crew. Father Waden felt that he was avoiding him and resolved to wait until the noon whistle blew. At the first blast, he called to Edward Martin and the young man came gloomily to him.

"Going home to lunch?" the priest questioned cheerily.

"No. I've got my lunch here."

"Then sit down, lad, and let's have a talk. How is Laura today?"

"She says she is all right but I think she looks too pale. Maybe she is worried, too, and trying to hide it from me. She thinks that this job will take a long time—and I let her think so." He looked defiantly at the priest. "Maybe it's a lie, but I let her think that I was in line for a good thing. She doesn't know that this job ends tomorrow."

"Tomorrow belongs to God. Why not leave it in His hands?" But the brooding eyes of the younger man did not brighten. His voice was harsh with repressed emotion when he spoke again.

"What would you do, if you knew that someone you loved needed good food and new clothing and you could not give it to her? If you felt that you were a failure; that you had failed to provide even the bare necessities for her? Suppose you knew that soon she would need medical care"—his voice rose with an hysterical note—"And you saw no way to get it? What would you do? Answer me—what would you do?"

Father Waden looked at the gray, young-old face with pity, but his words carried the ring of authority.

"I would do all that a man can do, my son. I would do each day whatever came into my hands to the best of my ability and I would leave the rest to God."

The whistle blew again and as Edward left him, Father Waden walked slowly back up the cliff. At the top he met Laura. She smiled at him but her pallor and breathlessness made his heart ache.

She smiled again. "I came out to be in the sunshine. It is nice to sit and watch the men working down there. Edward forbids me to climb down the cliff, but the view is so beautiful from here that I do not mind staying at the top." She sat down upon a sun-covered rock and Father Waden sat beside her.

"It is beautiful," he agreed.

Laura's eyes followed the white capped waves lovingly. "The ocean is so wonderful—so changeable" she said softly. "If I could only see beneath the surface. There must be so many rare and beautiful things deep within it. If I were a child again I would pretend that the driftwood, the shells, pebbles and ropes of help were treasures from a pirate's ship washed up to my very feet for me. I come here often and

pretend—all children do, you know—that my ship will come in laden with all that we need for ourselves and for the little one who will soon be with us. Do you see that glossy mass that the last big wave brought in? Perhaps that is my bag of gold—my gift from the sea."

Father Waden smiled. "Perhaps it is," he agreed, entering into her mood of playfulness. "Who knows? The sea is a store house of hidden secrets. Look at those men down there? How do they know what they may find? How do they know the value of the things that are being washed ashore? Look at Edward—" The priest leaned forward suddenly and his voice trailed away. Laura's glance followed his.

The group on the beach were bunched together. Young Martin was examining something which he held in his hand—looking at it, tapping it, smelling it, holding it away from him as if in sudden aversion.

"I wonder what they have found" Laura questioned but Father Waden silenced her with a gesture. The sound of voices from the beach rose to an excited hum. Several of the men held similar clumps in their hands, feeling them and talking to one another. Then one of them, cupping his hands, halloed to old Bill Ronk, sitting in a boat anchored nearby. The old man hobbled out and came slowly toward them. Old Bill had been much too old for seamanship for several years, but his knowledge of the sea was great. Now he, too, was examining the strange find, and his excitement was plainly evident. Father Waden could stand the suspense no longer.

"Stay here," he commanded Laura. "I will go down and see what it is" and he swung boyishly along the path leading to the beach.

As he approached the group young Martin spied him and came running, holding one arm high in the air with his hand clutching the gray mass.

"Look!" he shouted. "Look! Ambergris! Ambergris!" He handed the foreign lump to Father Waden who took it gingerly. It had a peculiarly earthy odor and the priest had never before seen anything like it.

More men came running. "Ambergris! Ambergris!" they shouted. "We're rich!"

(Turn to page 204)

Our Negro Brethren

Henry Brenner, O. S. B.

ST. LUKE tells us that on one occasion, as Jesus was speaking, "a certain Pharisee prayed him, that he would dine with him." The Evangelist merely adds: "And he going in, sat down to eat." (11. 37)

How polished and pleasing was this simple act! Remember, it was a Pharisee. From many passages in the Gospels we know what kind of a reputation the Pharisees had; therefore, it shows a certain overcoming of Himself when our Savior thus so readily accepted an invitation from one of them. However, when we think of His one aim—to help souls, we are not surprised. If He had not been inflamed with this passion of saving souls, He would surely have disdained to grant such a petition. Instead, he granted it without question or delay.

Times have changed since then, and the Pharisees, as a social class, are but history. Yet we have a class in our midst, on whom we are inclined to look even as the Pharisees were looked upon in their day—the Negro. Is this good manners? The great missionaries did not disdain those who were less cultured, or who were of another color. "Did the Catholic Church suffer any contamination, in its moral or intellectual order, when St. Patrick enrolled tribes of tree-worshipping Celts; when Augustine converted the fierce Anglo-Saxons; or when the English Boniface gave his life in order that the Germans might live to Christ... Did Xavier lessen the beauty of the Church by the motley millions he brought into its fold? No, because that is one of the four marks by which Christ would have His Church identified. It is

Catholic; Catholic in the literal sense of the word. Its Divine Founder had provided that it might assimilate all peoples. On the golden scroll of its glorious saints and martyrs, it has inscribed the names of its children—white and red, yellow and black without discrimination." (John F. Carroll, S. J., in *America*).

We look too much at the exterior. The Negro has a soul as well as we, and he has as much right to the benefits of the Gospel as we. If any discrimination is to be made, let it be made regarding the individual, not regarding the class. In this way we shall not offend against any worthy individual, even as Christ did not offend against this Pharisee, who received politeness for politeness.

We see how our prejudice toward this class of our fellow men lays us open to the charge of soul neglect. If we stop to ask ourselves just why we continue to harbor this prejudice, we may find an answer in the universally accepted principle that a compassionate person interests himself or herself in those who suffer or labor under any handicap. And if we stop to consider our Lord's compassionate interest in a certain widow of Naim we may even excite in our hearts some degree of pity and perhaps a resolution to bestir ourselves to some active participation in this needed work. "And he said: Young man, I say to thee, arise. And he that was dead, sat up, and began to speak. And he gave him to his mother." (Luke 7. 14-15) What a beautiful example of interest; our Savior foresaw the effects, for having no other son, and being a widow, this poor woman was in distress as to means for her future subsis-

At Death I Am But Trying

WALTER SULLIVAN, O. S. B.

*If my plans have all miscarried;
Failure is my lot.
If my efforts to be holy
Always come to naught;
If temptations throng against me,
Throng against my will;
If at death I am but trying
God will love me still.*

*If the years with burdens press me,
Press me to the earth;
If my fruitless years oppress me,
Robbing me of mirth;
If my fleeting life seems wasted,
And I stand alone;
If at death I am but trying,
God will take me home.*

tence. Here was a most delicately human compassion.

But if this example is too far removed from us, let us attend while one of our own living—Archbishops speaks to us on this vital affair. "We should begin a crusade or prayer for the Negroes of the United States. We should solicit the prayers of every parish, of the children of every school and the Sisters of every community... We should beg the bishops and priests to include among their intentions in Holy Mass the conversion of the Negro people to the Catholic Church... It is true that almost heroic efforts have been made by certain small groups in the United States, in a missionary way, to convert the Negro; yet, considering the Negro group as a whole, taking into account the entire missionary work that has been done in our country by consecrated men and women, we must frankly admit that the Negro has been neglected... While we have not closed our doors to our colored people, we have not opened them wide and proclaimed to them that they are welcome. We have not shown them how quickly they will feel at home in the Catholic Church... The Negro will present no problem in the United States if he be won to the Catholic faith. It is our duty to win him." (Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati).

Here is truly a big sympathetic heart emptying itself into our own in a most Christlike manner. If this sympathy would actually find many duplicates among us, who can tell what the effect would be? Doubtless it would be precisely what the good Archbishop says it would be: "I make no hesitation in saying that the most extraordinary opportunities offered us for conversions in the United States are to be found among our colored people... To no group in America will the Church liturgy appeal more powerfully than to our colored people, once they understand its meaning... There is everything in the Catholic Church to attract and to satisfy the spiritual aspirations of the Negro nature."

All this naturally leads to the thought: Why has someone not developed a program of some kind, which might give us a practical idea of what our line of action should be in the matter? Such a program is at hand. At a meeting last year of the Catholic Action Forum, the students of the College of the Sacred Heart, Manhattan-

ville, New York City, drew up a list of eight points, which are worthy of our earnest consideration. The eight points, with a short comment, may serve to impress us both emotionally and practically with all that has heretofore been said in this article.

The first point, in the form of a resolution, reads: "To maintain that the Negro as a human being and as a citizen is entitled to the rights of life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness and to the essential opportunities of life and the full measure of social justice." Here we are reminded between the lines that we may even sin against the Negro by unjustly denying him the happiness and social rights which we ourselves enjoy.

The second point reads: "To be courteous and kind to every colored person, remembering the heavy yoke of injustice and discrimination he is bearing; to remember that no race or group in America has endured the many handicaps that are his today." The writer was once crossing the street in a large city; observing a crowd, he went to see the reason. There an old Negro had succumbed to the heat and was lying on the pavement, and at his side on their knees were two society women, the one was cracking ice, the other bathing his temples with her own handkerchief. How many of us would prove that courteous? But we need not look for such extraordinary occasions; the little usual ones will offer sufficient opportunity for real Catholic sympathy and kindness.

In the third point we are exhorted "to say a kind word for him on every occasion," in the fourth "not to speak slightly or use nicknames which tend to humiliate, offend, or discourage him." As Catholics we know that when we belittle our neighbor in any way, even behind his back, we are not carrying out our Savior's injunction to love one another!

The fifth and sixth points refer to the Negro as a potential Catholic: "To remember that the Catholic Church and the Catholic program of social justice have been called, 'The Greatest Hope of the Colored Race.'" — "To recognize that the Negro shares my membership in the Mystical Body of Christ and the privileges that flow therefrom, and to conduct myself in accordance therewith."

The seventh point will meet with the excuses usual whenever there is question of contribu-

tions. "To give liberally on the Sundays of the year when collections are devoted to the heroic missionaries laboring among the Negro group." Of course, it is understood that no one with meagre means can give liberally. But not all of us are of meagre means. Here is a chance for some of us to share, through those heroic missionaries, in the apostolate's great reward. When we are on our death-bed, these unseen, unknown activities of our pocketbook will comfort us much more than the idle coins that tarnish therein with age!

Finally, in the last point, we are asked "to become increasingly interested in the welfare of the Negro; to engage actively in some form of Catholic Action looking to the betterment of his condition, spiritually and materially." Catholic laymen often leave everything to the priest; but the priest cannot do much without the co-operation of the laity; that is indeed the very meaning of the term 'Catholic Action,' which our Holy Father the Pope has been preaching to us so fervently for years.

As a conclusion to this article we can find no better words than those of Ecclesiasticus: "Do good to thy friend before thou die, and according to thy ability, stretching out thy hand give to the poor. Defraud not thyself of the good day, and let not the part of a good gift overpass thee. Shalt thou not leave to others to divide by lot thy sorrows and labors? Give and take, and justify thy soul." (14. 13-16)

Out of the Depths

(Continued from page 201)

"Ambergris?" Father Waden echoed faintly. The men were surely mad. There were no whales in Bollins Bay and he tried to say so.

But Old Bill Ronk hobbled forward to confirm the news. "That there's ambergris" he announced, nodding his head sagely, "Or I ain't never been on a whaler for nigh onto forty years. I know all about that stuff. Ain't I gone after it time and again?"

"But there are no whales around here, or at least none have been seen for years," the priest began, but old Bill interrupted him: "What's that go to do with it?" he asked scornfully. "Whales are getting sick every day somewhere out in the ocean from eatin' too much squid. Whales is awful fond of squid though it makes

them sick as sick! After a good meal the old whale feels darned uncomfortable. He gets sick, and we get ambergris—and plenty of money for it."

"But how did it get here?" Father Waden wondered.

"How should I know? Maybe these small quakes and shocks the world's been having lately loosened some of this stuff 'way out at sea. Maybe the sea brought it in for some reason or other. Anyway it's here. Wasn't I on a whaler for nigh—"

"Is there much?"

"Much? Much?" Young Martin was shouting with fervor. "Loads of it. Enough for all of us." He grasped the priest's hand and started up the cliff. "Let's tell Laura."

They raced up to where Laura was sitting and Edward dumped the cheeselike mass into her lap. Then he hugged her—too excited to speak coherently, but somehow aided by Father Waden she gathered the whole unbelievable story. She listened, with starry wonder in her eyes.

"Ambergris... a fortune... out of a whale... out of the sea" she repeated in an awe-struck voice.

Young Martin gathered her into his arms. "Oh, Laura darling, it means money and all that money can buy. Clothes for you—and the little him—good food—a doctor. I'm going down to hunt for more" and he started back down the path. "If it's really ambergris" he shouted over his shoulder. An urgent call from Laura brought him to her side at once. Father Waden looked anxiously at her, but Laura was standing upright with a warm light in her eyes. She put out her hand and drew her young husband closer to her.

"Oh, my dear," she said softly. "Have done with doubting! There are no 'ifs' when God answers prayer."

And before the sun had set, chemists, scientists and would-be purchasers proved that Laura was right.

HUMILITY

"There is only one way by which we discover anything big, and that is by being little; there is only one spirit by which we can discover the immense God, and that is by having the spirit of little children."—*Dr. Fulton J. Sheen.*

The Voyage of the "Pax"

Sr. M. Theresa, O. S. B.

NOTE.—The Voyage of the "Pax" is the title of a story written by the eminent English Benedictine, Dom Bede Camm. All who have read this story have learned to love it. "Pax" is the Latin word for "peace" and is the motto of the Order of St. Benedict. In this story the good ship "Pax"—monastic life—brings to port of safety and happiness all those who have taken passage on her and persevere under the guidance of the holy pilot. Sister Theresa, O. S. B. has taken the story into verse, the form under which such a poetic tale rightly deserves to be presented. The Editor.

The gentle nurse of nature sealed mine eyes,
And soon I found myself upon the shores
Of a boundless sea. The surface lay quite calm
And disturbed, while from high heaven shone
The genial sun that tinged each wave with gold.
Along the beach there lay a fleet of boats,
Canoes, the fragile skiffs, while out at sea
I gazed upon great transports, so they seemed.
A motley crowd was waiting on the shore
All eager to set sail. Some lads at play
Amused me much, but two of them soon drew
Mine eyes upon them while they stood and watched.
It seemed to me that they were brothers, for
The elder, tall and graceful, frank and pure
Watched o'er the younger with a love that seemed
True fatherly and yet was such as hearts
Of youth along can give. The elder seemed
Scarce fifteen and the younger only eight.
Near them, a slender lad of fifteen years,
With friendly mien and merry eyes of blue,
Delighted me as much. His partner, near,
Was sullen, dark, and out of humor, too.
Symphorian was his name, the oldest of
Them all. And tunics white they wore, with cross
Of gold hung around their necks, and girdles at
Their belts.

"Oh, why dost thou not heed my words,
Callixtus?" asked Symphorian, greatly vexed,
That he should wait for that old-fashioned bark,
And turn aside an offer to a ship
On which their journey would be brief and safe,
As yonder pilot said.

"Thou poor old lad,
I'm grieved to try thee thus, but thou dost know
The boat with PAX in gold upon the prow,
And guide so good, will lead us safe to port."

Here Agathos, the elder brother, called,
"Thank God, our quest is ended now, for see
On yonder galley, a flag of black, on which
The long-sought watch-word PAX is writ in gold.
And lo! behold yon stranger wearing hood
And flowing robes of sombre hue. So kind
And fatherly he seems, he needs must be
The guide the Prince hath sent. And other lads
He has about him. Let us join them, too."

"Thrice welcome, children dear," the stranger said.
"Will ye come sail with me on board the PAX?
Full many a thousand times this strip she's made
Since she was built long centuries ago,
And never lost a life—save those who leaped
Into the sea in wild despair."

"We long
To reach the Golden City where our King
And parents dear await us. And they said
That we should reach them surely if we sail
Beneath the standard of the PAX. I ask
Of thee, who built and owns this galley-ship?"

"'Twas built, my son, long years ago by one
Named 'Benedict', the one so greatly blessed
In grace and name. This ship is built to cross
Life's stormy sea, and save all those who will
But trust themselves to him and heed the laws
And precepts he has writ."

"And what are these?"
The lads, all eager, asked in chorus then.
"And what's the price we pay for voyaging?"

"The passage, sons, is free to all, but mark
That this a pilot vessel is, and it
Must ever leader be in all the fleet.
And hence, it bears no idle passengers.
But all must change to deeds the word of him
Who legislates. And since we wish to make
The greater speed, ye must embark and sail
With empty hands. A model ship must be
The PAX, a pattern for all those who sail.
All tainted songs and mirth unseemly must
Give place to heavenly hymns and psalms of praise.
A ready ear must each incline unto
The wise directions of their leader good."

"O may I not these pretty stones retain,
And will we have no fun at all on board?"

"My son, leave all thy baubles, and a joy
Unearthly will be thine, thou favored one
Of the Prince of Peace. For thou wilt flee the great
And secret dangers hid in devious lines
That lead to shipwreck. All who sail with me
Must aim to reach the port in one brief day.
Nor must they even wish to flee to ports
Afar and come home late and sick and bruised."

"May we not pass the Isle of Plenty, too,
As yonder shipmen? Pause awhile and see
The city of VOLUPTAS¹ on our way?
Those sailors say they'll reach the port in time."
Thus spoke a slender youth of girlish form.

¹ Pleasure.

He heard and did not bear the quick response
Of him who sadly said, "My son, thou'rt free
To sail on yonder ship, but it were good
And safer far to stay with me. For oft
They halt too long on that fair Isle, that are
The night they cannot reach the port of rest.
Again they load their ship with merchandise
That oft they sink, or perish in the storms.
Thou needest not sail the PAX against thy will;
But if thou turn aside, take passage on
PRAECEPTA DEI,² which will lead thee home
Quite safe, yet not so swift nor with such fame
As will this pilot-boat. There too thou must
Obey and toil; for those who journey for
The joy of sailing never reach the port."

Eutyches paused a space to think, then fled
To join the pleasure-seekers on their way.
But other lads of sterling mold had come
To sail the PAX and now the good old guide
Delights to find his crew so soon complete.
Amid the joyful singing of the psalm
In EXITU, the pretty ship set sail
Across the deep. A seaward breeze had filled
The large black sails and onward calm they glide
As if the hand of God made smooth their course.
The boys were placed in classes twain, so that
While some were busy at the oars, the rest
With joy sang hymns to God, until it came
Their time to row. These songs were sung in praise
Of Him, Who reigns on His great golden throne,
Toward Whom they hastened on with hearts as light
And glad as songs they sang.

The stranger sat

At helm to guide the good ship PAX among
The reefs, which reared their heads above the blue.
He glanced anon and ever at his chart,
The REGULA SANCTI PATRIS BENEDICT,³
A chart which guides men safely to their goal.
With LABORE ET ORARE⁴ writ
In golden letters on the oars, the boys
Made speed. At first it seemed quite difficult
To some, while others found it not so hard.
And thus they rowed unevenly, nor could
Their vessel keep a course exactly straight.
Callixtus rowed as one of virile strength
But not of manly skill; indeed, it seemed
The little Theodore could better wield
The oars than he. But ne'ertheless, 'twas good,
The stroke oar played upon by Agathos,
Who led the little band, gave evenness
And pleasant rhythm as they glided on.
The stranger meanwhile cheered them with his word
And smile, and God had tuned their hearts to love
The art of song, so that the hymns they heard
Ascend into the clear abyss of heaven
Put zest into their unaccustomed toil.

² Commandments of God.

³ The Rule of our Holy Father Benedict.

⁴ To work and to Pray.

Now close behind the PAX

There came a fleet of boats like her, but all
Bore different flags. On one a strange device;
Two arms, of which each bore the impress deep
Of wound prints in the palm. It was the great
Franciscan banner, which the SERAPH raised
Aloft. Another shone with letters four,
And all who sailed that noble ship, thank God,
Helped realize the dream of a soldier saint.
The JESU CHRISTI PASSIO¹ followed close,
The HOUND OF GOD pursued it in its wake.
These gallant boats were manned with zealous crews
Of young and fervent oarsmen, but methought
That on the PAX the hymns more constant were;
The oars were wielded swifter and more even
Than on the other boats. Again I saw
The mighty hull of the PRAECEPTA DEI,
Which, trusting to the sails alone, relied
Upon the wind. It lagged behind the fleet
Of pilot boats, nor did it sail the same
Straight course as they. For its gigantic size
Prevented it from passing 'tween the reefs
The PAX so easily threaded, and secure.
Behind, around, far o'er the sea as eye
Could reach, were countless other barks. All said
They had the same far goal, yet all took ways
Quite devious; many seemed to drift without
A compass, rudder, or a guide, while those
Who sailed enjoyed themselves as if the boat
Would take them safely home. Not so the PAX.
The shrewd old steersman ever kept alert,
And very timely did the zealous lads
Fulfil his every dictate. Order reigned,
And discipline, on board that happy boat;
Yet, smiles of happiness lit up anon
The faces of the oarsmen in spite of work,
And Agathos, full every time he stooped
To row, he seemed to whisper to himself,
"Ah, one step nearer home!" And when the child,
Named Theodore, grew tired of his task
The stranger, fatherlike, would gather him
Into his arms and tell him, Oh, the joy!
Of that great Golden City, which he longed
To reach, the thought of which encouraged and
Delighted him so that he felt great joy
In tugging at the oars again. I saw
The bright Callixtus grow more serious at
His task, and now the oars dipped evenly,
For Agathos, Callixtus, and the rest
Had learned to row. Less happy, though, appeared
The mien Symphorian wore. He found his work
So hard and tedious, even the songs his mates
Were singing, wearied him. He oft would ask
For rest and when it was given him, he seemed
Unwilling to return to task. His stroke
Was strong but ragged and all feared he would
Not persevere. And then a cloud hid all!
But when the mist had vanished, great black clouds
Were gathered on the sky-line. Then methought
The stranger at the helm perceived them too,

¹ Passion of Jesus Christ.

But not the youthful crew, nor those on board
The other barques far out at sea. And while
I gazed, a boat approached the PAX. It was
The pleasure-galley sought for by the youth,
Eutyches. Purple sails filled with the wind,
Were speeding her straight onward. Writ in gold
Upon the prow I saw her name inscribed,
THE GLORY OF THE WORLD. The crowded deck
Was gay. Some passengers reclined on soft
And easy chairs, some danced to strains of song,
And sweetest music; others drank of gold
Or silver goblets filled with wine. The ship
Was very fair, and so the faces of
The passengers. Enjoyment held her court,
And all seemed gay and bright.

Just then I saw
Eutyches much engrossed in talking to
A fair, young girl who sat there by his side.
He looked up just in time to see the PAX
Close now beside his boat. "What ho, old friends!
Callixtus and Symphorian," cried he out.
"Are you not yet worn out and weary of
Your ceaseless toil? See here, how we can feast
On this our gallant boat, and not a stroke
Of work!" Both boys looked up. Methought their eyes
Expressed the joy their hearts then felt at sight
Of that gay pleasure-boat. Eutyches cried,
"Come join us, boys! Do not stay moping there.
You'll never know the joy of living till
You leave that dull old ship with sails of black
That makes one shiver just to look upon
Its wake. O come, let's have a merry time
Along the way and revel in the joys
Awaiting at VOLUPTAS whither we
Are bound."

Symphorian paused. He looked up to
The stranger. "Tired am I of toil; perhaps
The GLORIA MUNDI¹ better suits my tastes."

"My son, remember what I told to thee
Before thou didst embark."

"I know, but I
Did not quite understand. Now fain would I
Depart from hence on to the pleasure-boat."

"My son, I have no power to keep thee here.
Remember that VOLUPTAS does not lie
Enroute the Golden City, and that few
Who sail on yonder galley, ever reach
The port."

"But surely some arrive thereat
And I will be among them! Fear thou not
For me, good father dear, for I was not
Made for the labors of a pilot boat.
Now, fare thee well, dear Agathos, and thou
Dear little Theodore; I know that I
Cannot persuade you by my words to come
Along with me. But thou, Callixtus, thou
Wilt surely choose to sail with me!"

The boy,
His brow all knit with inward struggle, said,
"I know not what to do! Thy ship is fair,
And much I love sweet music yet I fear
Thy barque is not so safe."

"Be not a fool,"
Symphorian cried aloud, while with great bursts
Of scornful glee Eutyches filled the air.

"O come, bright boy," a lady called from out
The pleasure-boat, "come thou with me and thou
Shalt have thy fill of pastime and of song.
Come hence and learn to dance with us," she said.
And smiled again to tempt the wavering boy.

Callixtus turned to ask the stranger's help.
"What shall I do, good father?" who replied
With holy gravity, "My child, beware!

Look what the sainted Benedict hath writ:
'Deny thyself, and seek to follow Christ.
Chastise thy flesh, and seek not after that
Which gives delight but for a time. Estrange
Thyself unto the world and all who dwell
Therein!' Now this, my son, is that safe way
By which we know to reach our goal. In that
Fair barque thou wouldst find joy and mirth
But both would prove a pitfall in thy way,
And bring thee into narrow, dangerous straits."

Callixtus looked the old man in the face.
His own bright eyes were dimmed with tears; although
The struggle cost him much, he bravely said,
"I wish to serve the Prince, good father, so
I shall obey thy counsel good."

Meanwhile
A little boat had come to fetch the lad,
Symphorian. Gladly did he clamber down
Into her, and without a word of sad
Farewell, he pushed away at once to reach
The pleasure-ship. A look of pain crept o'er
The face of Agathos, and then the boy,
The little Theodore, began to weep
As if his youthful heart would break. All tried
So hard to comfort him that no one saw
The lady with the golden locks who had
Addressed Callixtus making signs to him.
"Farewell to thee, fair youth," she cried and kissed
Her hand to him, "fair art thou, boy, but still
So foolish! Take this flask of wine and drink
Of it to our voyage good." And then
She deftly tossed into his lap a flask
Of golden hue, which he clasped tight and hid
Within his bosom, while with a blush he tried
To hide his inward shame. As he did this
The stranger at the helm could not repress
A sigh.

And now the GLORIA MUNDI kept
A different course from that the PAX pursued.
The breeze had grown into a gale quite strong,
Which drove the pleasure-ship along its course
(Turn to page 218)

¹ The Glory of the World.

The Editor's Page



NE of the greatest losses to Catholics of America is that of the liturgy. Aside from Christmas and Easter, most people know but little of that gorgeous life of the Church which is going on constantly. Lack of education and the matter of making a living tuned to a system of industry which is quite godless—all this and more has closed the doors of spiritual beauty and fresh joy upon millions. Particularly is this evident on the feast of All Saints. How many Catholics there are who do not even assist at Mass on this glorious day, much less get the full savor of the feast as those do who are fortunate enough to live their lives in the glow of the liturgy.

November 1 is a day of rousing triumph for you and me, good reader. For today we lift the veil that somehow shuts off our sight of heaven—and what do we see? The souls of all the just who have passed on before us, shining in brilliant glory in the kingdom of God. Today they form in grand processional rank, displaying the trophies of victory before their King, who has brought them through life's perils, washed their robes, stained by combat and

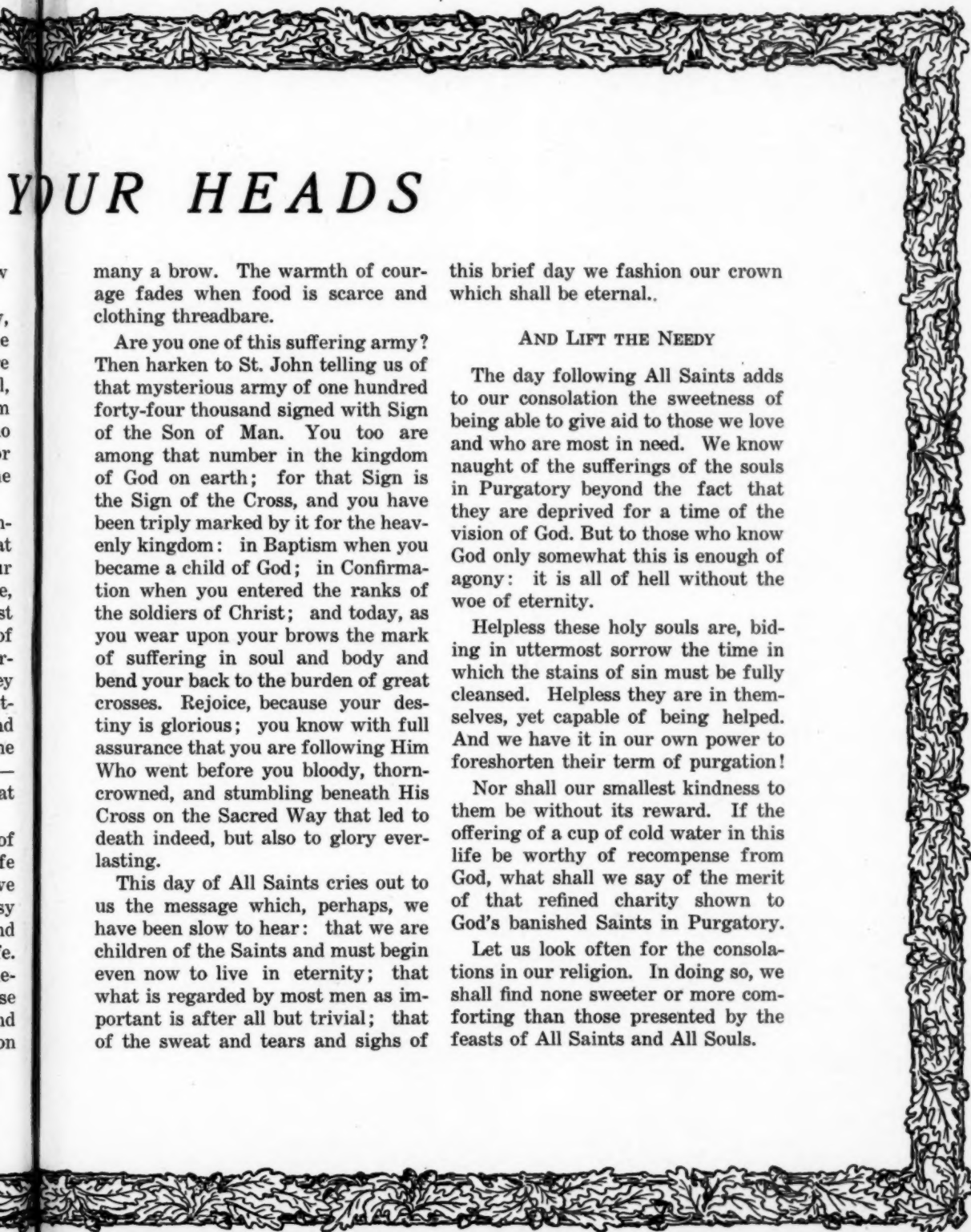
LIFT UP YOU

sin, in His redeeming Blood, and now rewards them.

Martyrs' wounds gleam brightly, the Virgins' canticle sounds in the wake of the Lamb, the Doctors' lustre of learning is about them—for all, God hath wiped away all tears from their eyes; and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things have passed away.

But why should their triumph concern us so much? Because in that great throng we see our own—our parents, relatives, friends; people, now Saints, who in life were “just folks” like ourselves. Every state of life, every occupation that is honorable, is represented there. They fought the same battles we are fighting, had the same temptations and weaknesses, yes, committed the same sins—and many were great sinners—yet answered the call of grace at some time in their lives.

How we need the inspiration of All Saints today! The battle of life goes on with a fearful rush and we are in the midst of it. It is so easy to sin and be one of the crowd; and it is so hard to make a success of life. Many are jobless and see no immediate future for themselves and those they love. The world is bleak and cold, and suffering is stamped on



YOUR HEADS

many a brow. The warmth of courage fades when food is scarce and clothing threadbare.

Are you one of this suffering army? Then harken to St. John telling us of that mysterious army of one hundred forty-four thousand signed with Sign of the Son of Man. You too are among that number in the kingdom of God on earth; for that Sign is the Sign of the Cross, and you have been triply marked by it for the heavenly kingdom: in Baptism when you became a child of God; in Confirmation when you entered the ranks of the soldiers of Christ; and today, as you wear upon your brows the mark of suffering in soul and body and bend your back to the burden of great crosses. Rejoice, because your destiny is glorious; you know with full assurance that you are following Him Who went before you bloody, thorn-crowned, and stumbling beneath His Cross on the Sacred Way that led to death indeed, but also to glory everlasting.

This day of All Saints cries out to us the message which, perhaps, we have been slow to hear: that we are children of the Saints and must begin even now to live in eternity; that what is regarded by most men as important is after all but trivial; that of the sweat and tears and sighs of

this brief day we fashion our crown which shall be eternal.

AND LIFT THE NEEDY

The day following All Saints adds to our consolation the sweetness of being able to give aid to those we love and who are most in need. We know naught of the sufferings of the souls in Purgatory beyond the fact that they are deprived for a time of the vision of God. But to those who know God only somewhat this is enough of agony: it is all of hell without the woe of eternity.

Helpless these holy souls are, bidding in uttermost sorrow the time in which the stains of sin must be fully cleansed. Helpless they are in themselves, yet capable of being helped. And we have it in our own power to foreshorten their term of purgation!

Nor shall our smallest kindness to them be without its reward. If the offering of a cup of cold water in this life be worthy of recompense from God, what shall we say of the merit of that refined charity shown to God's banished Saints in Purgatory.

Let us look often for the consolations in our religion. In doing so, we shall find none sweeter or more comforting than those presented by the feasts of All Saints and All Souls.

Query Corner

Conducted by Rev. Gerald Benkert, O. S. B.

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received. Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

Note to the questioner from South Dakota.

Raeburn and Sarinda are not listed in the several extensive catalogs of saints which were consulted. The question regarding the dances can be answered most satisfactorily by your confessor. Dances are wrong in so far as they are occasions of sin. Whether or not the dances to which you refer are occasions of sin can be decided only by one who knows the particular circumstances, preferably your confessor.

Who are the Secular Oblates of St. Benedict?

It is a pleasure to answer a question like this. The Secular Oblates of St. Benedict are persons who are associated with a Benedictine monastery as a confraternity similar to the Third Order Secular of St. Francis. The Secular Oblates do not take the vows of religion, but promise to strive for Christian perfection befitting their state of life according to directions contained in the Rule of St. Benedict. In return the Oblates share in the prayers, good works, and privileges of the monastery to which they are associated. To nearly every Benedictine monastery there is attached a group of Secular Oblates—people who follow the ordinary pursuits of life but are bound by spiritual ties to the monastery.

Please explain what a so-called atheist believes or does not believe.

"So-called atheist" is well expressed. Atheism literally means "without God." Since God actually exists, no man can do without Him; disbelief in God is only self-deception. The term atheist is applied to unbelievers of various shades: some deny God's existence outright; others refuse to accept the proofs for it; still others exclude God from their mental and moral life. Just what an individual atheist believes is impossible to state. Atheism does not affirm anything; it only denies. An atheist may believe anything or nothing at all. Mr. Arnold Lunn says that "the atheist will believe anything provided there is no evidence for it." One thing which the atheist does not believe is the truth for which the visible universe provides convincing evidence—the existence of God.

Can an indulgence be gained if the Rosary is said without a pair of beads?

Yes. If two or more persons pray the Rosary in common each one may gain the indulgence, provided at least one in the group (the one who leads) uses an indulgenced Rosary. If, however, one says the Rosary privately without a pair of beads, the indulgences which are attached to the recitation of the Rosary are not gained.

Is the religious state considered higher than the married state? Are not both equally important?

The religious state is not only considered higher, but according to the teaching of Christ and His Church,

actually is higher than the married state. Are they equally important? No. The married state is the more important because it is necessary for the propagation of the human race. But that does not make the married state morally higher than the religious state. There is a decided difference between value and importance.

Non-Catholics often ask about our belief in Purgatory? What arguments can a Catholic give for the existence of Purgatory?

To the Christian the existence of Purgatory should be almost self-evident. Nothing defiled can enter Heaven. Only the damned go to Hell. Are all men at the moment of death either as pure as angels or as hideous as devils? Certainly not. Many die with venial sins or the remnants of past sins upon their souls which bar them from immediate entrance to Heaven, but do not condemn them to Hell. They are detained in some state until the debt is paid. That state is Purgatory. Several passages in Holy Scripture imply the existence of Purgatory. 1. Christ teaches that some sins can be forgiven after death (Matt. XII, 32). 2. St. Paul adds that many will be saved by fire (I Cor. III, 15). 3. Even in the Old Testament Judas Machabeas commanded sacrifices to be offered for the souls of those slain in battle (II Mach. XII, 43). The living and infallible teaching authority of the Church furnishes conclusive evidence. The existence of Purgatory is clearly demonstrated 1. by the teaching of the early Fathers, 2. by the liturgical burial rites and the practice of offering Masses and prayers for the dead, 3. by the official declaration of this doctrine by the Church at the Council of Trent.

What would happen if I, a non-Catholic, handle one of those gold chalices which priests use at Mass? What if a Catholic not a priest, handles one?

Nothing would "happen". There would be no visible effect as was sometimes experienced by profaners of the sacred vessels in the Old Testament. But it is sinful for a lay person, Catholic or non-Catholic, to handle a consecrated chalice without good reason. The sin would not be grave unless done through malice, or unless the sacred vessel contained the Holy Eucharist. If one touched a chalice accidentally it would be no sin at all. The only persons who are permitted to handle a consecrated chalice are clerics and sacristans; if the sacred vessel contains the Holy Eucharist no one besides a priest or deacon is allowed to touch it, except in cases of urgent necessity.

Who is the author of the "Dies Irae"? Why is the Sibyl mentioned with the Prophet David in the third verse?

Thomas of Celano, a Franciscan who lived in the thirteenth century, is usually regarded as the author of the "Dies Irae." The theme of this poem is the Last Judgment; it was originally written for the First Sunday of Advent, though it is now used as the sequence (the hymn immediately preceding the Gospel) of the Requiem Mass. The Sibyl referred to is one of the pagan prophetesses who is supposed to have foretold the end of the world and the Last Judgment. At the time this poem was written the Sibylline prophecies were generally regarded as genuine. The inspired Prophet David and the pagan prophetess, the Sibyl, here represent the Jews and Gentiles; one is a witness of the special revelation to the chosen people, the other of the primitive revelation made to all nations. The poet thus describes the testimony of all nations and creeds to the end of the world and the Last Judgment.

Broadcasts from our Indian Missions

ANNOUNCER - Clara Hampton

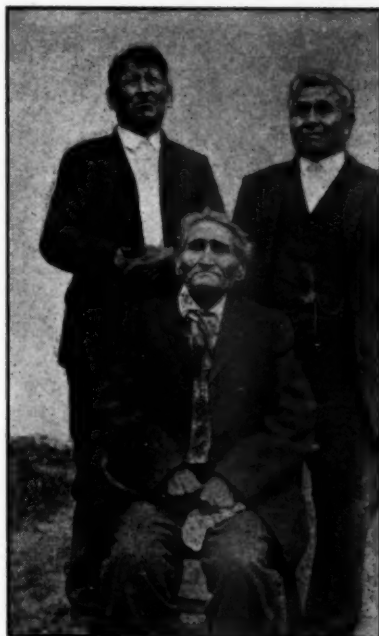
ST. PAUL'S MISSION

On Aug. 21, an old Indian by the name of David Zephier Rencontre, died. He was more than eighty years of age, and remembered the day when, as a little boy, he was baptized by the famous missionary, Father De Smet. David's father used to act as guide to the zealous Jesuit as he went about baptizing the Indians and winning them for God. Twenty years ago, it was David Zephier who was instrumental in getting his Sioux tribesmen to join the Catholic Church; for many years a leader among his people, he took an interest in all problems that affected the Sioux tribe. In 1921, he and two other Indians, Abraham Thunder-Horse and Edward Yellow-Bird went to St. Meinrad, Ind. to beg Father Abbot for a priest to come and live on the Yankton Reservation, so that he might care for the spiritual needs of the people.

Thus it happened that Father Sylvester was sent to Marty to take charge of the Mission chapel there; later he went to Philadelphia to try to get some Sisters to teach the school he contemplated opening. While he was gone, Mr. Zephier and his family gathered in the Marty church each evening to pray for success. How well Father succeeded we all know; from the one small building which was the Marty chapel, the Mission buildings grew, until we have the group as it is today. But never has the school opened under more desperate conditions than this year. They are almost out of clothing and shoes, and the children are sadly in need of school supplies. Send on every available dress, coat, hat, pair of shoes, stockings, socks, underwear, etc. that you do not need and send it as quickly as possible! Send composition books, loose leaf notebooks, ink wells, tablets, pencils; also scissors for the kindergarten children. Address: St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. Dak.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

Two hundred and thirty children have found a safe, warm place to live this winter at the above school; their parents live in poor shacks with scarcely enough to eat. They can contribute nothing to the support of their children, and it is a Godsend to them to have someone take care of them, feed and clothe them. The children love their school; in Spring a rumor went around that the Commissioner of In-



Abraham Thunder-Horse
Edward Yellow-Bird David Zephier

dian Affairs meant to close the Government Boarding Schools and Mission schools. The little ones were filled with anxiety, and the Sisters had quite a time quieting their fears. However, the school is open again, but no food was raised. The worst year in the history of Dakota brought pitiless heat, killing drouth and dust storms that buried the thirsting grain and truck. The only thing that survived was a little fodder for the cows; so all the food must be bought, to say nothing of coal. By the time this reaches our readers, the furnace will be going full blast, the Old Man Winter will be sending biting winds and snow and low temperatures. Let us send Father a mite to take care of the grocery and coal bills.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

On Sept. 10, this school opened with a capacity enrollment; 50 children were sorrowfully turned away for want of room. There are so many cases of want and destitution, that it is a real trial to the missionary to have to turn away the children of these families. Here, too, the severe drouth has made itself felt; no crops were raised, not even fodder, so that the cattle all had to be sold. It will be hard to face the winter with no cows to provide milk for children, many of whose families
(Turn to page 215)

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B., Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and Rev. Timothy Sexton, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.
Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., and Rev. Frank Hulsmann. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.
Rev. Plus Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.
Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Daniel Madlon, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravenna, S. D.

The Home Circle

Conducted by Clare Hampton

Assisting the Poor Souls

Holy Mother Church has given us countless ways in which to assist the suffering souls in purgatory, and the saints have given us evidence of their efficacy. Even though some of our dear ones have been deceased for years, we must never cease praying for them, and offering Masses and good works for their repose, for no one knows the length of imprisonment of any soul that has passed beyond.

Holy Mass, is, of course, the most valuable and most efficacious of all in assisting the Poor Souls; receiving Holy Communion, offering good works, indulgences, burning candles, giving alms, performing mortifications, bearing trials and tribulations, forgiving those who have injured us and returning good for evil—all these and more, can be offered for the Poor Souls, and have untold value in the eyes of God.

To dedicate the good works and indulgences of one's whole life to the Poor Souls, keeping nothing for oneself, is called the "Heroic Sacrifice." This pious offering was made by saints and devout persons, and to some it was revealed that those who give all, lose nothing, for they receive twice as much in return.

The rosary, too, is rich in blessings for the Poor Souls, for our Lady ever has her compassionate eyes turned toward those who, though already saints, must yet suffer untold torture, in order that "nothing unclear may enter Heaven." For our souls are like mirrors; even as tiny specks and small grains of dust dim the beauty of a mirror, so also are our souls marred by the smallest venial sins. Almighty God, illimitable in His infinite beauty, perfection and purity, cannot brook anything with the tiniest stain or faintest smirch upon it.

Since these souls cannot help themselves, or hasten the end of their imprisonment, it behooves us, their friends, who professed to love them so dearly while they were still on earth, to assist them in every way possible.

The Presentation and Modern Parents

Ann and Joachim, possessing only one child, fair, graceful, beautiful beyond words, yet were not selfish. Having prayed God for so many years for offspring, they had all but given up hope that they would be heard. Suddenly the Almighty seemed to relent; the wonderful thing had happened! Ann was pregnant—and in her old age! But it was no accident with God; Mary was predestined to be born at that exact time, sinless, stainless, crystal-pure, and like her Divine Son, with total disregard of the laws of Nature.

Ann and Joachim, possessing this diamond of the first water, yet unselfishly gave her to God. At the tender age of three, we find her eagerly ascending the temple stairs her heart already attuned to the Almighty in precocious holiness. With hearts exulting in holy

joy, these grateful parents freely gave their treasure, the small nun, first of her sex to desire to consecrate her virginity to God alone.

How many modern parents, having an only child, are willing to part with it, nay, to bring it to the very threshold of the cloister, freely returning to the Creator the precious gift He had bestowed upon them? We have, thank God, many good Catholic parents, who, though secretly torn with grief, gladly give their consent when a child of theirs signifies a desire to enter religion or the priesthood.

There are, however, hundreds of whom we never hear, because their vocations have been crushed and stamped out of existence through selfishness, or a misguided, un-Catholic attitude. To cite two actual cases: One seemingly very devout mother, (to judge by her attendance at church and the sacraments) yet met her daughter's desire to enter a convent by the harsh words: "Never! I would rather see you drowned in the river than to have you be a nun!" Another pair, both daily attendants at Mass, and frequent communicants, told their son, who wanted to be a priest: "Just get that out of your head; you are to get a job and repay us for all we spent on you!" It is a very serious thing to tamper with a soul who desires to flee the world and live in "the garden enclosed."

Teaching a Child Manners

"Example speaks louder than words," is an old adage, and one that can well be used in the household where there are children. At no time must parents be more careful of their own conduct, than when there are growing children in the house. Because these watch their elders and unconsciously imitate everything they see, we must carefully censor our words and actions, lest "these His little ones" receive the germ of some bad habit which will be difficult to eradicate later.

In the matter of good manners, the elders of the family must first see that they treat each other in an exemplary manner before they try to preach to the younger generation. The idea of "Don't do as I do, do as I say," is like trying to force water to go uphill. Human nature is prone to follow the line of least resistance, and if a lax example is shown a child, some day when the grown-up tries to preach to it, he might receive the unanswerable challenge, "Well, *you* do it!"

The young child should have politeness bred in him from the earliest moment of understanding. When baby picks something up from the floor and hands it to Mother, she should say "Thank you" to him just as gravely as to a grown-up, and if baby wants something and Mother hands it to him, he must be likewise taught to say "Thank you." In the same way, if Mother accidentally bumps into the three-year-old, she should say "Oh, excuse me!" and teach him to say "Certainly!" and vice versa. He should be taught to say "Please"

when he wants anything, "Good morning" when he wakes up, and "Good evening" to Daddy when the latter returns from work.

He should be taught to be polite to small visitors or playmates, never seizing things out of their hands, or refusing to give up a toy. He should never be permitted to be selfish about any of his belongings. Mother may often test him by asking for a bite of his cake, or a piece of his apple or candy, just for practise in politeness.

Eucharistica

We Catholics have churches—many of them; they stand open all day. Unlike Protestant churches, their doors are unlocked all through the daylight hours; some of our churches are even open until late at night. Our Lord dwells there; how many visit Him in the course of the day? How many, passing the church, refrain from stopping in and having a little visit with the Prisoner of Love? He is all alone; for love of us He remains there in the tabernacle—a second Bethlehem, lowly and all unworthy of His infinite majesty. There He holds court; He awaits us, His courtiers. He longs for our presence, desiring to load us with graces, did we but put in an appearance. Note what He says to the servant of God, Marie Latate:

"Ah, My daughter, I say it to you in very truth: if men are so weak, so deficient in virtue, it is because they do not ask enough." He wants us to come, and come often, to beg Him for graces, and to persevere in these prayers if we are not heard at once. Again He says to the holy Servant of God: "It is especially for those who are weighed down that I am present in the Eucharist: for I have said, 'Come to Me all ye that are burdened, and I will refresh you.'" (Matt. xi. 28) How many of us have trials and troubles in this time of depression, and come not to lay them at His feet!

On Sundays our churches are filled during several Masses; but in the afternoon, how poorly is the Benediction attended! We desire blessings of all kinds, yet we do not come to ask for them! During the week, alas, outside of the school children and the nuns, there is plenty of room to spare in our churches at Mass-time. Were Jesus actually to appear upon the altar in some church, what crowds would flock there! Yet He is actually present day in, day out, and only a few realize and appreciate this precious fact. The sooner we realize what a treasurehouse we have in the Mass and Holy Communion, the better it will be for our souls. Let us make the most of daily Mass!

Things to know about Meat

The meats that we commonly use are derived from the flesh of herbivorous animals, and from fowls. The quality of meat is dependent upon the condition of the animal from which it is obtained. Good beef is largely obtained from the cattle ranges of the West. These go to our large packing houses, are slaughtered, cut up into the various parts, and sold commercially as round, sirloin, porterhouse, brisket, shoulder, plate, rump,

oxtail, marrowbone, knucklebone, short rib, neck, etc. The kidney and liver, if carefully prepared, are considered very healthful. Tripe was formerly much used as a food, though not used so much today. Sweetbreads, (the milk pouch) are considered a great delicacy.

Calves' flesh, (veal) and lamb, as well as pork are among the most regularly used meat products, but mutton (sheep's flesh) is seldom used in this country, since many object to its strong flavor. But the most important thing to watch, in any meat, is, its freshness. If we are to avoid poisoning, the meat should be absolutely fresh; fresh meat has no odor. The moment meat begins to have an offensive smell, there is danger of ptomaine poisoning, and if the housewife finds that her butcher keeps his meats too long, so that she detects an odor, it is best that she go elsewhere. Some market owners, fearing loss, keep their meats and sausages too long, thus endangering their customers' health. In some cases, too, economy in icing causes deterioration of meats.

Then there is always danger from animal parasites which bore their way into the muscles of the meat, and setting up a hatchery there. There is only one way to destroy these, and that is by sufficient cooking. Even healthy animals sometimes have these parasites, and government inspection cannot detect them; so it behooves the careful housewife never to serve underdone meats, however some members of the family may enjoy them.

Household Hints

If chewing gum accidentally becomes pasted to woolen or cotton material, put a piece of ice on the back of the goods, holding it on until the gum can be picked off.

Place a large sponge in the bottom of the crockery umbrella stand; it prevents breakage of the stand if an umbrella is dropped in roughly, and absorbs the water that drips off. It can easily be wrung out.

For the child who dislikes all milk drinks and "hates" eggs in any shape or form, the mother should prepare all his favorite foods with milk and break in an egg whenever possible. Thus disguised, the child will obtain sufficient nourishment without forcing.

Recipes

QUICK INDIVIDUAL PIES: For quick deserts, bake a dozen individual pie shells, cool and put away for quick use. One night they may be filled with cooked apricots, the next with preserved pears, the next with canned cherries, etc. Top with whipped cream. If liked, the shells may be heated three or four minutes in the oven before filling.

TUNA AND CUCUMBERS: Chop fine one cup of tuna fish; cut into dice one cucumber. Mince one onion and add to the first two ingredients. Sprinkle with salt, paprika and a little celery salt. Mix thoroughly with two tablespoons mayonnaise, to which $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar has been added. Serve with salt crackers as a luncheon dish. Salmon or shrimp may be used instead of tuna.

Echoes



from

Our Abbey and Seminary

—September 11 saw the return of the students for the fall term of school, which opened on the 12th. The Very Rev. Rector of the Major Seminary, Father Anselm Schaaf, was celebrant of the solemn Mass in honor of the Holy Spirit. In the evening of that same day at 7 o'clock Father Abbot addressed the student body in the Abbey Church. The *juramentum*, or oath against modernism, was then administered to the Fathers who were to be employed as teachers in the seminary. After this Father Abbot officiated at Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament.

—The total number of students enrolled at St. Meinrad Seminary is 360. Of these, 201, who are preparing for the secular priesthood, form the classes in philosophy and theology. To these must be added also twenty-three clerics and junior priests of the Abbey who are taking the identical courses. Because of the depression the Minor Seminary has only 136 students. On the other hand, Marmion, successor to Jasper Academy, our high school at Aurora, Illinois, has an enrollment of 325. In our Junior Brothers' school fourteen boys remain from last year while fifteen newcomers have been added to their ranks.

—Father Damian Preske came by automobile from the Indian missions of North Dakota early in September. He was accompanied hither by Brothers Giles and Vitalis. The former is a veteran missionary who went with the first band of our missionaries to Dakota Territory, Abbot Martin Marty and Father Chrysostom Foffa, in 1876. As the infirmities of old age began to tell on Brother Giles, he asked to be permitted to return to his monastic home. Bro. Vitalis, who is a carpenter by trade, had spent fourteen months at St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D., helping Father Hildebrand Elliott to establish himself in the new mission. After he had given a retreat to the old folks at the Little Sisters of the Poor in Evansville, Father Damian turned the prow of his Plymouth towards the great Northwest. He was accompanied on the return trip by Bro. Felix, to replace Bro. Giles at the mission, and his father, Mr. Preske, who went along for a visit in the northland. Another passenger aboard the north-bound car was Father Prior Benedict, who stopped off at Woonsocket, S. D., to attend the golden jubilee of the parish at that place. There he had been confirmed by Bishop Marty in 1891 and there too he had offered

up his first Mass in 1905. The brief trip gave him an opportunity to call on the missionaries at Stephan and Marty in South Dakota and to spend a day at home with his aged mother and his sister.

—Among other changes made among the priests of the community Father William Walker was relieved of his duties as professor in the Seminary and was appointed assistant at Ferdinand; Father Charles Dudine went to Jasper as assistant to replace Father Urban Knapp, who has been assigned to Marmion as teacher. Father Lambert Enslinger, pastor of Annunciation Church at Aurora during the past year, has become assistant at St. Benedict's Church, Evansville; Father Victor Dux succeeded Father Lambert at Aurora. Fathers Richard Mattingly, Alfred Baltz, Dunstan McAndrews, and Father Victor are new professors at Marmion. Bro. Philip was transferred to Marmion to serve as sacristan.—Besides his duties as professor in the Minor Seminary, Father Gilbert Hess is also chaplain at the CCC camp just north of Ferdinand. His duties require his presence at camp only twice a week.—Bro. Vitalis has been recalled to North Dakota to labor at St. Michael's Mission, the Little Flower School, near Devils Lake.

—Father Stephen Thuis, rector of the Minor Seminary, whose health in the past has never been robust, was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis, where the surgeons found it necessary to remove his appendix. The operation was performed September 24th. Though still quite weak, the patient is regaining strength slowly.

—The St. Meinrad Alumni Association held its 1934 convention at St. Meinrad on Sept. 26 and 27. On the morning of the 27th some seventy-five alumni assembled in the Abbey Church to attend a solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by Father Aloysius Weisenberger, class of '08. The business meetings followed in the college auditorium. Father James Maloney, class of '16, was elected president for the ensuing year. At one o'clock a banquet was served in the dining room of the new Minor Seminary. The happy gathering broke up towards the end of the afternoon when all dispersed to meet again at the same place on Nov. 6 and 7 of next year.

—During the summer months our carpenter shop turned out a beautiful black walnut altar for Bishop

Ritter's private chapel at Indianapolis. The altar, which is of native timber, was installed recently.

—On the evening of September 27th Father Abbot bade us farewell and departed for Indianapolis to take the night train for New York on his way to Europe. He hoped to reach Einsiedeln, Switzerland, in time to attend the ceremonies of the final celebration on October 14 of the thousandth anniversary of the founding of that renowned abbey. As he landed at Cherbourg early in the morning of October 4th, there was plenty of time to reach the land of the Alps for the celebration. Twenty-four hours after leaving his spiritual sons at St. Meinrad Father Abbot reached New York, and six hours later the Bremen, on which he took passage, left the pier for shores beyond the sea. On his way to the metropolis Father Abbot wrote some personal letters besides writing the copy for a "Contact" or news letter to the community at home and in the "diaspora." Aboard the mighty steamer, which is 938 feet in length and eleven "stories" high, he wrote a very interesting news letter, which was principally descriptive of the modern "skyscraper" afloat on the Atlantic. We eagerly await other equally interesting letters from abroad.

—October 12, 13, 14 were days of prayer that continued night and day before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for the Forty Hours Adoration. The augmented schola and the voices of the seminarians that mingled in the sacred song added beauty to the inspired chant.

—As we write, Father John is looking forward to the biggest band day ever—if it doesn't rain. But one can never tell what the weatherman may have up his sleeve.

Broadcasts from our Indian Missions

(Continued from page 211)

are tuberculous, and to whom milk is a life-saver.

During the summer months, when the Rev. Mother of the Grey Nuns was at the Mission on a visit, Father Edward asked for two nuns to act as field Sisters, to go around and visit the Indians in their homes and give catechetical instructions. The request was granted, and the two good Sisters are doing incalculable good among the Indian families.

Don't forget the perpetual Novena to the Little Flower, which is held at this Mission on the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month. Send your intentions to be laid at the foot of the statue; you may also have vigil lights. It is surprising how quickly many of these petitions are answered at this shrine.

ST. ANNE'S—BELCOURT

This Mission is on Turtle Mountain, where it becomes exceedingly cold in winter. Sister Delphine is obliged to "stack up" her laundry water outside at the corner of the house. This is actually true, strange as it may seem. As the well water is too hard to use for washing, ice must be cut from the lakes nearby; there are several small lakes in Turtle Mountains, and the ice gets nearly two feet thick in winter. This water is soft and very good for washing; so, the blocks of ice are stacked up outside the house, and when washday comes,

Brother Vital brings in several of them, and Sister melts them in her boiler.

Brother Vital is fireman, janitor and all-around handy-man at the Mission. Thanks to his ability with the saw, hammer and plane, many improvements have been made at St. Anne's. His neatness in carpenter work is shown best in the beautiful little altar that is now in the Sisters' chapel, which accommodates barely seven or eight people. Although there is plenty to do, the missionaries here are wishing they had a school of their own, so that the little Indians could have a real education. Let us help them toward this end.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

We still have a few pieces of beadwork and embroidery; buy now for Christmas: Two embroidered cushion tops, 50¢ and 35¢. Two emb. scarfs, \$1.00 each. Two emb. tea aprons, 75¢ each. Two beaded bags, \$1.00 each. Beaded Indian rings, 10¢. Beaded cap, 50¢. Bracelet, 25¢. Indian beaded belt, 50¢; Child's small beaded purse, 25¢. Black perfumed rose beads 50¢. Woven necklaces, 50¢. Black and rhinestone necklace, 50¢. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

All Souls

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

As strains of triumph and glad, joyous song—
Whereby we celebrate the 'ternal bliss
Of heaven's blest—cease, and the mournful dirge,
The plaintive Vespers of the Dead begin,
Part we in spirit from all things of earth
And linger in the drear abode of those
Whose mem'ry we shall freshen on the morrow.
A darksome land is this where cheerless gloom
And sadness, tears and wailings all pervade;
Where languish captives, exiles all are they—
From earth, whence they were snatched by death's
cruel hand,

From heaven, too, whose shining portals closed
On their approach, for they were not full purged
Of sin's least stain at death.

O bitter grief!

Repelled from heav'nly mansions, Angels' song,
From eternal light, from heaven's sainted throng,
Nay—bitt'rest of all—from that ecstatic sight,
The rapturous Vision of their Triune God.
These joys unspeakable within their grasp—
Yet Pow'rless lie these souls in fetters bound
In that dark prison, till the ransom's paid.
Ah, then, who'll pay it? It is left to man,
Man here on earth, who hath the precious coin
Of ransom: prayers and alms and sacrifice.
O Christian heart, a parent, brother, friend,
And friendless soul, look up to thee for aid!
Who'll say them nay, when with such ease is bought
Freedom from chains and heaven's blessed lot?

Children's Corner

*Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict,
Ferdinand, Indiana*

THE FIRST LILY

We are told that in a quaint old cemetery, near Seville a medieval cross is seen near the entrance, on which the following lines were traced:

"I believe in GOD
I trust in GOD
I love GOD."

The cross is erected over the grave of a little boy, who died centuries ago; the only son of a poor woman. The boy was called "A natural" The Spanish name for a weak minded person. Although every one loved him it seemd impossible to teach him anything.

He was willing to learn, but seemed to have no memory or power to comprehend. At last in desperation his mother took him to a monastery imploring the Abbot to grant him admission and bring him up as a Lay Brother. The Monk complied with the request and made every effort to teach the boy religion and instruct him in the ways of the monastery, but in vain.

There were but three lines of all his lessons that were ever impressed on his mind. When he finished his daily tasks he would always seek the quietness of the church, where he would remain for hours on his knees repeating over and over these words:

"I believe in GOD
I trust in GOD
I love GOD."

One day his tasks were neglected, and the lad was missed from his routine and duty. He was not found in the church as was his custom. The Abbot finally sought him in his little cell. He lay dead before the crucifix, his hands clasped and an expression of ineffable sweetness on his childish face. After his burial, the Abbot caused the boy's favorite lines to be engraved upon the cross.

No sooner was the cross erected than a pure white lily was seen blooming at the side of the grave. The news spread rapidly and when the Abbot heard it he caused the grave to be opened, and there to the astonishment of all the monks the roots of the lily was found embedded in the heart of the boy.

THREE ENEMIES

All boys desire to grow up and to be strong. There are some enemies of such growth that every boy must watch and avoid or his life will be dwarfed.

One of the chief of these is mental and moral conceit. You simply cannot learn if you know everything. Some one has well said that, "Teaching a conceited boy is like filling a bottle with a cork in it."

Lack of discipline is another enemy. There are certain rules that every athlete must follow or he never will be a good player. No man can ever be a great leader until he can direct himself.

Lack of understanding is another. You must know yourself, know others and be sympathetic and in addition you must know your job, if you ever hope to go far up the ladder of life.

THE BOYS WE NEED

We need the boy who's not afraid
To do his share of work;
Who never is by toil dismayed,
And never tries to shirk.
The boy who's heart is brave to meet,
All lions in the way;
Who's not discouraged by defeat,
But tries another day.
The boy who always means to do
The very best he can;
Who always keeps the right in view,
And aims to be a man.
All honor to the boy who is
A man at heart, I say;
Whose legend on his shield is this:
"Right always wins the day."

CHARM FROM WITHIN

Charm in a girl's bearing gets its power from within. It is the possession of the joy of life in such over flowing measure that as a girl radiates it about her; it searches out and draws to her the love and admiration of others. A magnet possesses charm for the bits of steel which it attracts to itself. Yet its power abides not in its appearance but in a mysterious "something" that has its origin within.

A BOY'S PASSPORT

The Germans have a proverb
We'd do well to understand
'Tis this, "You can go anywhere,
If your hat is in your hand."

Nothing, perhaps, is truer,
And the saying isn't trite,
A boy is welcome everywhere,
Providing he's polite.

As well within our country,
As in the lands beyond the seas,
Politeness is his passport
To good society.

So don't forget the proverb, boys,
'Twill stand you well in hand;
All doors will swing wide open,
If your hat is in your hand.

LOST AND FOUND

Hallowe'en! What an enchanting and mysterious word for little folks, such as those who will probably read this story.

Yes, Hallowe'en was approaching; only three more days. Peggy was eagerly making plans for her Hallowe'en party. All her little friends were to be invited and each was bringing a new little guest. School and studies were lost sight of, for her mind was full of plans for the coming party. Of course, Mother and nurse were helping with the entertainment, refreshments and favors, but the costume she was to wear had been left to her own choice. And what did she choose? She had consulted everyone in the house from the chauffeur and maid to her grandmother and grandfather, who took great interest in their little granddaughter's affairs. All the suggestions pleased her, but none had interested her as much as the chauffeur's and maid's. They had both suggested that she dress like a little Irish girl. And why shouldn't they? You see, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor, these were their names—had come from Ireland and had brought with them some little dresses that would fit Peggy. Of course it delighted them that she had accepted their suggestion.

Time passed swiftly. After she had decided on what to wear and the plans for the entertainment of her little guests were completed, only one day remained. At last the day for the party had come. It was to begin at 7:00 o'clock and continue until 9:00 p. m. At 6:00 o'clock she was already donning her Irish costume.

Soon the guests began to arrive. The ten visitors did not feel strange since all were masked. When the big clock on the staircase struck seven the grand march began. Each chose a partner. Miss Muffett and the clown led the march, and the witch and ghost brought up the rear. After the march was over, the partners faced each other and then unmasked. All were busy making acquaintances when suddenly they heard the cry: "Margaret Rose!" "Charles Herbert!"

All eyes turned in the direction from which the cry came and what did they see? The witch and the ghost, unconscious of all around, were affectionally embracing each other. The children ran to them to find out what had happened, because they could not understand how these two little guests, who were strangers, could know each other. Immediately the others seated themselves around Margaret Rose and Charles Herbert, and eagerly awaited an explanation. At this moment Mrs. Du Pont, Peggy's mother, announced it was time for lunch. The children decided to restrain their curiosity till they were seated at table. But once more the story was to be delayed, for as Charles Herbert began the explanation the maid entered. Another excitement took place. Both Margaret Rose and Charles Herbert jumped up, ran to the maid and cried, "Mother!" Mary O'Connor placed her tray on the table and turned to gather into her loving arms the children so dear to her heart. Peggy ran for her mother and father, who sent for Mr. O'Connor, the chauffeur, at once. Tears of joy came to his eyes as he embraced his long lost children. Those present stared at the four in amazement. Finally

Mr. Du Pont found his voice long enough to ask for an explanation, which Mr. O'Connor readily gave.

Five years ago, when Margaret Rose and Charles Herbert were three and five years old, respectively Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor decided to bring them to America. When they were in mid ocean the ship caught fire. The men were placed in one life boat, the women in another and the children in another. The men and women were rescued, but the children's boat was lost.

When Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor landed they waited two weeks for the children's boat and were finally informed that it had capsized. They began their life in America with heavy hearts. But God had been good to them, for after a short time they both found employment in Mr. and Mrs. Du Pont's home. Here Charles Herbert took up the story.

The children's boat did not sink but landed on a small island where they were rescued by a boat bound for Florida. Here the children were sent to orphanages, the boys to one, the girls to another. After a year in the orphanage Charles Herbert was adopted by a family now visiting in New York. Margaret Rose told them she had been adopted only two weeks ago and had come to New York to study with her guardian's niece, Lucille, who had brought her to the party.

Mrs. O'Connor then added her bit to the story. She said that she couldn't believe her children were dead and that she and Pat had prayed the Rosary every evening, hoping that some day they would all be reunited. And now on the last day of the month of the Holy Rosary, Our Blessed Lady had safely returned their children.

Peggy, the little hostess said, "Isn't that just like our Blessed Mother's dealings? My party couldn't have had a happier ending."

No one answered, but the light in their eyes told her that they agreed.

Wise and Otherwise

Teacher in History Class—At the Convent at Palos, Columbus was met by a Friar. What is a Friar, Tommy?

Tommy: A spring chicken.

CARL'S DEFINITION OF THE CREATION OF ADAM

"God made a great big mud baby. When He had him finished He stooped over him and breathed in his face. Adam began to "wiggle" and finally he "came a comin." Then he stood up straight and looked about, wandering where the other fellers were!

A tourist arrived in a sleepy country station. His luggage included a gun, camera, fishing rod, and furious bull dog. Calling the porter he said: "Porter, take my gun, camera, rods et cetera." After eyeing the dog doubtfully for some time, the porter exclaimed: "Et cetera won't bite, will he?"

Gabe: "What is an optimist?"

Steve: "An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bowlegged."

*The Voyage of the "Pax"**(Continued from page 207)*

With speed; the while the PAX which turned its course,
 Now had to fight against the wind, and all
 The sails were furled, so that the crew strove hard
 With oars to make some headway. Then methought
 Callixtus cast full many a longing glance
 At that gay craft, and while he toiled, the sweat
 Stood in great beads upon his brow. At last
 His turn had come to rest awhile. "Why should
 I not refresh myself now after toil
 So difficult, with wine from her bright flask?"
 I heard him ask himself, as furtively
 He drew the bottle from its hiding place
 And looked at it quite carefully. Indeed,
 It was a pretty thing, of rarest gold,
 All set with precious stones. Around it wound
 A golden snake with emerald eyes, and lo!
 Its ugly mouth did form the orifice
 Of that fair flask. On it engraved I saw
 The words: CONUPISCENCE OF MORTAL
 FLESH.

The boy was startled when he saw the snake,
 Which looked, indeed, most true to life. Although
 The flask was beautiful, it had a look
 Of ill, which caused the lad to hesitate.
 He raised again his eyes to meet the gaze
 Of him who had before given counsel wise.
 But quickly did he turn to shun the glance
 That needs must but reprove. The gem-decked flask
 Again enticed him. "Oh," he murmured soft,
 "At least I may draw out the stopper small,
 Inhale the odor of its contents, for
 'Twill do no harm, I'm sure." A perfume sweet
 But sickly rose from out the flask, and made
 Callixtus pale, but eager to enjoy
 Its fragrance longer still. Had it but been
 His turn to row, he could not thus have been
 So captivated by its deadly charms.
 But he was resting in the prow, and not
 A soul passed by in time to check his arm
 From raising to his lips the deadly draught.
 He drank a little. "Ah, how sweet, how sweet!"
 Exclaimed his tainted tongue, and eagerly
 He drank again. His eyes shone wild, his cheek
 Was flushed with strength of that foul draught.

And now
 A gentle voice fell on his ear. He hid
 At once the ugly flask and turned to see
 The prompt, obedient Agathos nearby.
 "Calixtus, 'tis thy turn to row," he said.

"Why wilt thou give to me no rest?" the lad
 Cried out in haste. "I work from morn till late.
 I would I were with him who sails afar,
 Symphorian, in his pleasure-boat," he moaned.

"Callixtus," said his friend reproachfully,
 "What is it that has come to thee? But well
 I know thou dost not mean it so. Indeed,

If thou so wilt, I'll gladly row for thee,
 But thou must see to little Theodore,
 For he is tired and I promised him
 That with a song or two, I'd gently put
 Him soft to sleep."

"No, go away and leave
 Me here in peace. Why should I thus be vexed
 And troubled with the child?"

Here Agathos,
 Amazed, was forced to hesitate, if this
 Indeed were he, the bright Callixtus, who
 Had always only words so kind and smiles
 Of joy for everyone. He scarce believed
 His ears. "Methinks thou art not well, my lad.
 Art thou in pain, Callixtus? Shall I send
 Our guide so kind to minister to thee?"

"Depart from hence, I need you not," he cried,
 And blushing hotly, turned his back upon
 His questioner, who sighed as off he went,
 While in his heart he prayed, and moved his lips,
 As if in converse with a friend unseen.
 No sooner had he left him when again,
 Callixtus, after gazing quick around
 To see that he was unobserved, took out
 Once more the golden flask and in hot haste
 A long, deep draught he drank. Alas, it did
 Not seem to freshen him, although he drank
 So eagerly. His eyes seemed wilder and
 His face more flushed than heretofore. He breathed
 So heavy, deep, and now and then he clutched
 His side, as if in deadly pain.

And now
 A bell rang sweetly out; the stranger called
 His lads together for their morning meal.
 The oars were shipped, the anchor sunk, for this
 Was now the hour of rest. Upon the deck
 The oarsmen young assembled. Only one,
 Callixtus, then was missing. Many called
 Him by his name and presently they saw
 Him coming. How he staggered as he tried
 To walk! The growing wind had just begun
 To ruffle and disturb the sea, but still
 The motion of the vessel could not cause
 The lad to totter so. His face was pale
 As death, and wilder grew his eyes. As he
 Drew near the happy band, his weakly feet
 Did slip from under him and down he fell
 With piteous moan, and then lay still. The lads,
 Had not the stranger interposed, would have
 At once rushed to his aid. "Leave him to me,
 My lads, and wait you where you are," he said.

"Oh, I'm afraid he's dead," wailed Theodore,
 As he beheld the prostrate form of him
 Who was his favorite playmate. But they bade
 Him hush and watched with interest intense,
 The stranger rub the hands, and loose the belt
 Of that poor boy.

